

The Strength Of Your Love

by Jaimee

Category: X-Files
Genre: Drama
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-06-21 09:00:00
Updated: 2000-06-21 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:50:12
Rating: M
Chapters: 1
Words: 2,495
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Mulder and Scully are shot, but love is a powerful thing...

The Strength Of Your Love

Title - The Strength of Your Love

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Rating - R (for blood & gore and general violence)

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Classification - SA

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Spoilers - none

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Keywords - Character death

>
Summary - Mulder and Scully are shot, but love is a powerful

>thing...

>Disclaimer: Yeah, really...for every person who reads this

story, I magically receive \$5. Just kidding, FOX...anyway, NO

>I'm not making money from this story, and I have no claims to

any characters on The X-Files that I borrow for six pages

>here. I do admit to personal (however deluded) claims on a

certain *very* handsome fictional F.B.I. agent named Mulder.

>But anyway. FOX, 1013 Productions, and Chris Carter
(otherwise known as THE MAN) own it all. All theirs.

>Good enough, now on with the show...
=====

>

>"Come, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear,
Your head like the golden-rod,

>And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful land of Nod."

>
=====

>Arlington, Virginia
12:42 a.m.

>=====

>The sniper leaned closer out the window, his prey in view. He

peered through the gun sight, trying to find a way to get a

>clear shot at either of his two targets. He could barely see
her
through the window, farther back in the room than the man
>was. The man would be easy to shoot where he now stood, but
the
woman was still too far away, and he had to take them both
>if he was to survive the night.

>He waited. Patience had always been one of his strong points.

>=====

>Scully stood stiffly in the center of Mulder's living room,
her
arms crossed across her chest impatiently. "Mulder, this
>is ridiculous."

>"Scully, I don't want you to leave," Mulder said firmly,

standing with his back to the window. There was a scrap of

>paper in his hand.

>"It's late, I'm tired, and I want to go home. I can take care
of
myself, Mulder."

>
He held up the piece of paper, showing her what was written on

>it for the tenth time. "If someone left a note under your
door
saying 'Your partner is not safe,' you'd have been
>concerned, too."

>She sighed, knowing he was right -- she would have -- but she

hated feeling helpless. Giving in to danger's threats was

>simply not in her nature. But finally she relented, and sat
down
on the edge of Mulder's couch.

>
=====

>
The sniper growled. Still too far away. If only something

>could make them both come to the window...

>Well, he could manage that.

>=====

>Mulder stood by the window, his sharp eyes taking in
everything
despite the fact that he wasn't really paying
>attention. Maybe she was right. No --

>"Mulder," she said suddenly, curiosity and a smile plain in
her
voice. "Where are your fish?"

>
He turned around, a mischievous grin suddenly spreading across

>his face. "I haven't--"

>Just then, a brilliant light poured through his window. He
spun
around to look, shielding his eyes from the glare.

>"Scully...?"

>She slowly stood and walked to the window. He backed up a few

steps, motioning for her to stand in front of him. She was so

>short without her shoes on; he could easily see over her head.

>"It looks like it's coming from the apartment across the

street," she observed. He squinted. "Scully, I think there's

>someone in there...look."

>She held her hand up to block the light so she could see
better.
She could just barely distinguish the silhouette of a
>person, but it was there. "I think you're right, Mulder--"
she

began, then stopped as a flash of something red caught her
>eye. She looked down. A small red pinpoint of light was
tracing
across her upper abdomen. Like a...like a laser. The
>light across the street went off.

>She opened her mouth to tell Mulder to get down, to warn him.

Time seemed to slow to a sickening, sluggish speed. The

>window split in an instant's flash of fire and metal, and she

heard the glass on the fish tank crack apart. She felt water

>gushing around her face and shards of glass, sharp against her

arm, and only then realized she was lying on the floor.

>
After a few moments of nothing, no thoughts, no pain, she

>opened her eyes and understood what had happened. Someone had

shot at them through the window.
>
Mulder.
>
She rolled over and struggled to push herself to a half-

>sitting position. He was on the floor behind her, his grey
t-
shirt now stained crimson. Her mind racing, she quickly

>lowered her ear to his chest, and let her breath out in a rush

as she heard his heart beating. His eyes were open, and she

>leaned over him to look into his face.

>"Mulder? Talk to me, Mulder," she said, her breath coming

strangely short. He blinked, and his eyes focused, and

>finally met her face as she pushed his shirt up to reveal a

massive gunshot wound to his chest. She was unable to hold

>back a stunned gasp, and he looked at her, alarmed. "Wh--"

>"You've been shot. Probably by whoever was in that apartment

across the street." He sat up slowly, shutting his eyes

>tightly against the pain, and leaned his back against the
couch
as she pulled her jacket off and pressed it to his
>stomach. "Try to hold that there," she said, looking around
for
something else, anything that she could use to slow the
>flow of blood. The blanket on the couch.

>She tried to stand, but found for some reason she couldn't

without supporting herself by leaning on the coffee table. As

>she pulled the blanket off the couch arm and stumbled back to

Mulder, he looked at her and his eyes widened a fraction.

>"Scully..." He gestured, suddenly breathless.

>She looked down to see something dark and glistening spreading

across the front of her shirt. Shaking, she touched a hand to

>her upper abdomen; her fingers came away sticky with fresh

blood. A sudden wave of pain overwhelmed her, and she

>collapsed in a crunch of broken glass next to Mulder on the

floor.
>
Her vision blurred once, then came into focus again to see

>Mulder leaning over her, unbuttoning her shirt. "Is it bad?"
she asked huskily, not really caring about anything but the
>pain.

>He met her eyes, then reluctantly nodded. "The bullet went in

here --" he gestured to the spot he was now pressing the

>blanket to, between her heart and the bottom of her ribcage.
"I think it somehow caused one of your ribs to puncture a
>lung," he said slowly. "You've been having real trouble

breathing." He was shaking and looked pale. His teeth were

>clenched; she could tell he was in excruciating pain.

>She pushed herself up against the couch and pulled the blanket

to cover him. It was Mulder who was the real concern, she

>thought. If they didn't get help in time, he would die from
loss of blood. It was then she remembered the phone, and
>reached up to Mulder's coffee table to pick up the portable.

>"911, what is your emergency?"

>"This is...Special Agent Dana Scully...my partner and I have

been shot..." she gasped, then covered her mouth as she

>suddenly began coughing violently. She opened her mouth to
speak again, but Mulder slipped the phone out of her fingers
>and began to speak to the operator. She looked down at her
hand, splashed with scarlet, and realized the blood on it had
>come when she coughed.

>She heard the click of the phone as Mulder hung up. "They're
on their way," he whispered, dropping the phone to the floor;
>as it fell, she noticed with a strange sense of calm that it
was covered with blood. Mulder spread the other half of the
>blanket over Scully. His arm brushed against her cheek; it
felt oddly cold and damp and was trembling. She looked at
>him. His face was grey and he was breathing heavily. She
didn't need the blanket, she thought to herself, and pressed
>it down onto his chest. Her mind was numb, and the only other

thing she could think to do for him was to keep him warm. She

>lay down on top of him, her head on his shoulder, reaching up

shakily to stroke his arm. "Hold on," she murmured, her voice

>barely audible. She tried to hold back a cough, but it burst
out anyway, and she nearly choked on a surge of blood. Mulder
>looked down at her, his eyes filling with concern.

>She looked up, wiping away a trickle of blood running out of
the corner of her mouth, and then began coughing again, the
>tremors ripping agonizingly through her chest. Her head fell

back onto his shoulder, and she closed her eyes. Sleep seemed

>so inviting, like a warm robe in a freezing room, and she

drifted towards it slowly. Through the fog she could hear

>Mulder's faint voice, calling her back. "Scully! Wake up,

Scully...you have to wake up," he said, his voice raw and

>weak. His hands were on her shoulders, and reluctantly she

opened her eyes to feel blood thickening in her mouth. She

>shivered, pulling herself closer to him. So this was how it

would end.

>
He looked down tenderly at her, and his hand came up to stroke

>her hair. His eyes were beginning to glaze, and the blanket
was completely soaked through already. Pushing it aside with

>a shudder of fear, she put one hand over the wound and reached

for a pillow with the other. She could hear his heartbeat, in

>rhythm with the blood pulsing out of him, blood that ran
warmly through her fingers as she kept her hand tightly

>pressed to his chest. "Thank you," he murmured thickly, his

voice sounding strange and slurred, and his hand slipped

>loosely off her head. She looked up in alarm. His head had

fallen limply to one side and his eyelids were halfway closed.

>
"Mulder!" she said, as loud as she could, and then had to gasp

>for breath, trying desperately to fill her lungs despite the

unbearable pain. She held the pillow tightly to his chest

>with one hand, and used the other to stroke his face. He was

freezing cold. His eyes were open again, at least, but to her

>dismay she realized they were glassy and unfocused. He was

losing consciousness. "Mulder, wake up," she said again,

>sharply, and his eyes opened again. As she saw the tears in
his eyes, on his cheeks, she became aware that tears were

>pouring down her face. He's dying, she thought with a shock.

Before she knew what she was saying, the words were already

>out of her mouth.

>"Mulder...I love you, Mulder," she sobbed, watching the life

slowly drain out of him. He was covered in blood, some of it

>hers, but most of it his. Their eyes locked, and for an
instant, his eyes cleared. He nodded, the motion

>infinitesimally small but full of meaning, and his lips

struggled towards a smile. As she looked into his eyes,

>seeing them begin to dull, she was dimly aware of the sound of

rushing feet down the hall.

>
"Mulder...!" she cried, as she watched his chest slowly stop

>rising and falling and felt his body go slack. She coughed

again, painfully, ignoring the blood that filled her mouth.

>"Mulder...please...." She pressed herself against him, trying
to somehow impart to him strength, her only remaining

>strength, whatever she had. She was so cold, and her
breathing sounded harsh and shallow. It didn't matter what

>happened to her, she thought, if only he could live. She lay
on his chest, ignoring the pain in her own, tears and blood

>mixed on her face, pressing her faintly beating heart to his

still one. He had to live...

>
She shuddered involuntarily, as if something had been taken

>out of her, and felt herself fall completely limp onto the

blood-covered floor.

>
Then something...shifted. She saw with dimming vision the

>paramedics running into the room and felt two strong arms
around her supporting her. A wave of pain hit her and her
>eyes blurred. She could feel her blood pouring from her
chest. It was cold...and...she...couldn't...breathe; then a
>grey film came to rest over her eyes, and all was night.

>
=====

>8:36 a.m.
=====

>
The familiar sound of a heart monitor was the first thing

>Scully heard as she slowly drifted to consciousness. Then she

heard his voice, calling her back.

>
"Scully? Doctor..."

>
She opened her eyes, seeing blurrily at first. She was lying

>in a hospital bed, a doctor was looking at her closely while

checking her vitals...and Mulder was sitting in a wheelchair

>beside her bed.

>"Mulder..." she wheezed, so tired she didn't even try to sit
up. The doctor eyed her, and then glanced at Mulder. "I'll
>leave you two alone," he said quietly, then left the room.

>Mulder grinned at her. "Welcome back," he murmured, leaning
over to brush a loose strand of hair out of her face. She

>closed her eyes, trying to remember why she was in a hospital.

"What happened?" she whispered.

>
"You don't remember?" Mulder asked. She shook her head

>wearily. "You were at my apartment and someone shot through
my window. You almost died, Scully," he said quietly. "The
>bullet went into your chest and caused your right lung to

collapse, and the combination of loss of blood and lack of

>oxygen nearly killed you." She remembered now, but...it
didn't seem right. She hadn't been shot in the chest, he had,
>and...

>"But you...Mulder, you were the one who was nearly killed."

>He frowned. "No, Scully, I lost a little blood, but that's
all."

He pulled up his sleeve, exposing a neat white bandage

>just below his shoulder. Seeing her disbelief, he continued.

"The paramedics said it was a miracle you were alive at all,

>you had lost so much blood. You were completely unconscious
when they arrived." He swallowed. "I was really afraid for

>you, Scully."

>She was quiet for a minute, knowing she would never fully

understand what had happened. It was impossible, a

>miracle...and yet here they were. She had had the strength of

his love.

>
She smiled inwardly. "Thank you." He leaned over to kiss her

>forehead. "What for?" he asked softly.

>"For...being there with me," she said, aware of how inadequate

her words were. He looked at her deeply, both filled with the

>realization of how close they had come to losing each other.

"Scully...you know..." He trailed off, unable to finish his
>thought. She smiled and took his hand, and he met her eyes.

>"Anytime."

>
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End
file.